Enough, enough and die that thing you ſpeake of,
I tooke it for a man, often would it ſay
The fiend the fiend, he led me to that place
*Edg.* Bare free & patient thoughts, but who comes here
The ſafer ſence will neare accõmodate his maiſter thus.

*Enter Lear mad.*

*Lear.* No they cannot touch mee for coyning, I am the king (himſelfe.
*Edg.* O thou ſide pearcing ſight.
*Lear.* Nature is aboue Art in that reſpect, ther's your preſſe money, that fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper, draw me a clothiers yard, looke, looke a mowſe, peace, peace, this toſted cheeſe will do it, ther's my gauntlet, ile proue it on a gyant, bring vp the browne-billes, O well flowne bird in the ayre, hagh, giue the word? *Edg.* Sweet Margerum.
*Lear.* Paſſe. *Gloſt.* I know that voyce.
*Lear.* Ha *Gonorill*, ha *Regan*, they flattered mee like a dogge, and tould me I had white haires in my beard, ere the black ones were there, to ſay I and no, to euery thing I ſaide, I and no toe, was no good diuinitie, when the raine came to wet me once, and the winde to make mee chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found them, there I ſmelt them out, goe toe, they are not men of their words, they told mee I was euery thing, tis a lye, I am not argue-proofe.
*Gloſt.* The tricke of that voyce I doe well remember, iſt not the King?
*Lear.* I euer inch a King when I do ſtare, ſee how the ſubiect quakes, I pardon that mans life, what was thy cauſe, adultery? thou ſhalt not die for adulterie, no the wren goes toot, and the ſmal guilded flie doe letcher in my ſight, let copulation thriue, for *Gloſters* baſtard ſon was kinder to his father then my daughters got tweene the lawfull ſheets, toot luxurie, *pell, mell*, for I lacke ſouldiers, behold yon ſimpring dame whoſe face between her forkes preſageth ſnow, that minces vertue, and do ſhake the head heare of pleaſures name to fichew nor the ſoyled horſe goes toot with a more riotous apperite, down frõ the waſt tha're centaures, though women all aboue, but to the girdle doe the gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends, thers hell, thers darkneſſe, ther's the ſulphury pit, burning, ſcalding, ſtench, conſumation, fie,



fie, fie, fie, pah, pah, Giue mee an ounce of Ciuet, good Apothocarie, to ſweeten my imagination, ther's money for thee.
*Gloſt.* O let me kiſſe that hand.
*Lear.* Here wipe it firſt, it ſmels of mortalitie.
*Gloſt.* O ruind peece of nature, this great world ſhould ſo weare out to naught, do you know me?
*Lear.* I remember thy eyes well inough, doſt thou ſquiny on me, no do thy worſt blind *Cupid*, ile not loue, reade thou that challenge, marke the penning oft.
*Gloſt.* Were all the letters ſunnes I could not ſee one.
*Edg.* I would not take this from report, it is, and my heart breakes at it. *Lear.* Read. *Gloſt.* What! with the caſe of eyes
*Lear.* O ho, are you there with me, no eyes in your head, nor no mony in your purſe, your eyes are in a heauie caſe, your purſe in a light, yet you ſee how this world goes.
*Gloſt.* I ſee it feelingly.
*Lear.* What art mad, a man may ſee how the world goes with no eyes, looke with thy eares, ſee how yon Iuſtice raiſes vpon yon ſimple theefe, harke in thy eare handy, dandy, which is the theefe, which is the Iuſtice, thou haſt ſeene a farmers dogge barke at a begger. *Gloſt.* I ſir.
*Lear.* And the creature runne from the cur, there thou mightſt behold the great image of authoritie, a dogge, ſo bade in office, thou raſcall beadle hold thy bloudy hand, why doſt thou laſh that whore, ſtrip thine owne backe, thy bloud hotly luſts to vſe her in that kind for which thou whipſt her, the vſurer hangs the coſioner, through tottered raggs, ſmal vices do appeare, robes & furd-gownes hides all, get thee glaſſe eyes, and like a ſcuruy polititian ſeeme to ſee the things thou doeſt not, no now pull off my bootes, harder, harder, ſo.
*Edg.* O matter and impertinencie mixt reaſon in madneſſe.
*Lear.* If thou wilt weepe my fortune take my eyes, I knowe thee well inough thy name is *Gloſter*, thou muſt be patient, we came crying hither, thou knoweſt the firſt time that we ſmell the aire, we wayl and cry, I will preach to thee marke me.
*Goſt.* Alack alack the day.
*Lear.* When we are borne, we crie that wee are come to this great ſtage of fooles, this a good blocke. It were a delicate ſtra-

gem,